



A MUCH ADMIR'D SONG CAL'D BRENNAN :ON THE MOOR

It's a fearless highman a story I will tell
His usfæ was Willy Brennan in Ireland he did dwell
Ali on these lofty mountains he commen'ced his wild career
Many was the wealthy gentleman before him shreck with fear

A brace of loaded pistols he careid night & day
He never rob'd a poor man upon the kins highway
But what he'd taken from the rich like Tarpin & black Bess
He always did devide it with the widows & distress'd

One night he rob'd a packman his name was pedlar Bawm
They trav'l'd ga together till the day began to dawn
When the pedla seen his money gone likewise his watch & chain
He once counted Brennan & rob'd him back again

When Breunam saw the pedlar was as good a man as he
He took him on the highway his companion for to be
The pedlar threw away his pack without more delay
And prov'd a loyal comrade until his dying pay

One day upon the highway as Willm he sat down
He met the Mare of Cashell 3 miles outside the town
The Mare he knew his features I think young men said he
That your name is Willm Brennan you must come alou with me

As Brennans wife had gone to town provision for to buy
When she saw her Willy taken she began to weep & cry
He says give me that tuppenny as soon as Willy spoke
She hand'd him a blunderbus from underneath her cloak

All with this loaded blunderbus the truth I will unfold
He said the Mare to tremble & he rob'd him of his gold
One hundred pound was offerd for his apprehension there
But with his bo'se & saddle to the mountains he repaid

As Brennan he was outlaw'd upon the mountains high
Where cavallry & lafantry to take him they did try
He laugh'd at them with saern they at lenght to him did say
By a false hearted young man we are basely betray'd

In the county Tipperary in a place the call Claymores
Where Brennan & his comrade that day did suffer sore
They lay among the firs that was thick upon the field
Nine wounds he did receive them before that he did yeld

So they were taken pri'one & in strong Irons were bound
And was convey'd to Clonmell Jail strong walr did them suround
They were tried & found guilty & the Judge made this reply
For rubb'g on the Kings highway you are condemn'd to die

Farewell unto my wife & to my children three
And my age'd Father he may shed tears for me
And to my loyeing Mother tore her gray locks & cried
I wish you Willy Brennan in your o'adie you had died